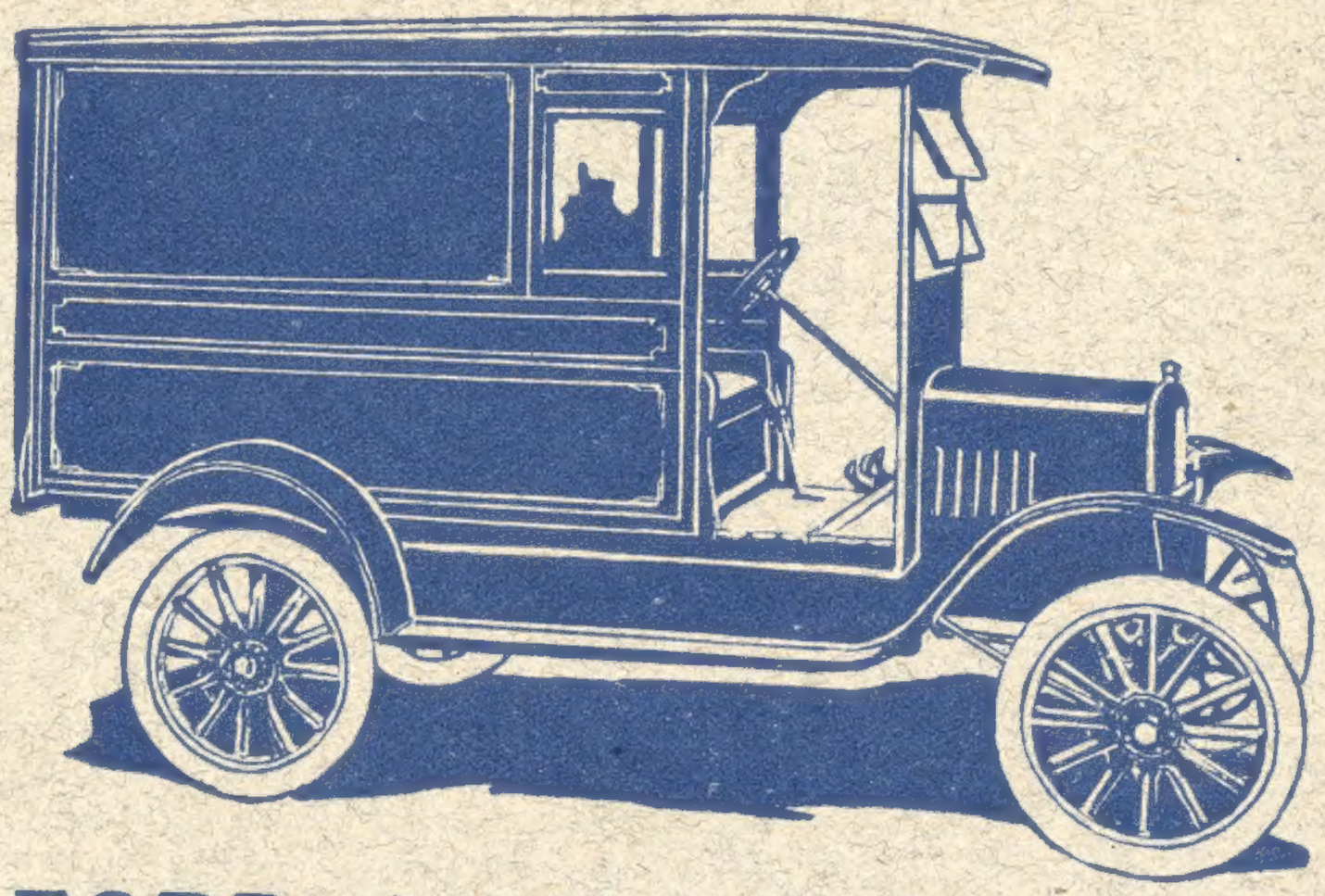
The ACROPOLIS

JUNE 1922



FORD $475 DELIVERED

WARD AUTO SALES CO.

316 BROAD STREET, near Belleville Avenue

OPEN EVENINGS

J. W. WARD, President — **WAYLAND E. STEARNS, Treas.**

ADMISSION TO COLLEGE

TUTORING FOR THE SEPTEMBER EXAMINATIONS
PREPARATION FOR ALL NEW ENGLAND COLLEGES

Experienced Teachers
Fine Dormitories

Excellent Laboratories
Attractive Dining Hall

Successful Methods
Noteworthy Results

Boat-House, Tennis Club and Varied Amusements
An Environment Charged with the Spirit of Success
A Record of Achievement, extending over Quarter of a Century
Over one hundred and fifty men prepared each summer
Seventeen teachers, all Harvard graduates, many honor men
For information as to Little Hall, the oldest, largest, best equipped of the New England training schools, address

WILLIAM W. NOLEN

34 LITTLE HALL, MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Telephones, Cambridge 627 or 3190

Illustrated Booklet on Request

Wireless Supplies

A Full Assortment for the Amateur

INFORMATION AND INSTRUCTION FREE

Our Prices Are Right

Newark Electrical Supply Co.

223 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Oldest and Largest Electrical Supply Distributors in New Jersey

Frank I. Losee

It seems fitting that we should pause in the midst of the activities that mark the close of a busy school year to pay tribute to the life and work of Frank I. Losee.

Mr. Losee came to Barringer in 1910 as a teacher of history, and it is in that department that his loss will be most felt. His keen interest in the field he chose for his life work, the wide range of his intellectual activity, the breadth and fairness of his vision, his ability to make the past live in the problems of the present, and his equable temperament united to make him a natural teacher. Unalterably opposed to anything that savored of show or deceit, he strove by precept and by example to instill high ideals of scholarship and life into those with whom he came in contact. The conscientious student found in him a friend and mentor.

His loyalty to any movement that would advance the best interests of the school was assured beforehand. His time and effort were given with a cheerfulness which characterized his whole work. An ardent advocate of sports, he took great interest in athletics, not as an end but as a means to the end of building a sound and healthy body and inculcating those principles of manliness and fairness which characterized his own participation in games.

His sympathies were quickly roused by any worthy call, of whatever nature, and his response was quick and sincere. Toward his Alma Mater he always maintained the devotion of his undergraduate days. The Fatherless Children of France, the Newark Museum, and every forward-looking movement for civic betterment had his earnest support.

To those who were fortunate enough to know him intimately he was a comrade, cheerful and dependable. To those who were in need he gave his time cheerfully and ungrudgingly. His friendliness attracted people to him. He valued the judgment and opinions of his friends, who found his own counsel always sympathetic and understanding.

In his death, as in his life, he exhibited a high courage and an unselfish consideration for others that were characteristic of the man. Barringer is the better because of the influence of Frank I. Losee.

IN MEMORY OF FRANK I. LOSEE

The air is sweet and warm, the sleeping earth
Stirs as it feels the golden sun's caress,
The maples glow in crimson loveliness,
The birds pour out their songs of gentle mirth.
Is it not sad to die, when life is worth
So much to one who loves life's toil and stress,
Life's springtime joy and all its happiness?
One should not die in these bright days of birth.

He has not died; no more than has the sun
When it has set behind the purple hills.
That soul so brave, that spirit strong and kind
Can never die; he has but now begun,
Where'er the Lord of Love and Wisdom wills,
New life, wherein new work, new joy to find.

THE ACROPOLIS

A Paper by the Students of Barringer High School

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

June, Nineteen Hundred Twenty-Two

CONTENTS

FRANK I. LOSEE 2

EDITORIALS 4

POETRY 6

THE SCARLET POPPY 9

THE AWAKENING 11

WHEN STAN MARSHALL CAME BACK 15

ONE WILD WEEK 17

ATHLETICS 20

SCHOOL NEWS 23

A FEW LAUGHS 25

GRADUATE NOTES 28

EXCHANGES 30

THE ACROPOLIS

Entered as Second-class matter October 8, 1917, at the post office at Newark, N. J., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF THE PUPILS OF THE BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL. SUBSCRIPTION BY MAIL $1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS EACH. FOR ADVERTISING RATES ADDRESS THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

Contributions are solicited from the students and graduates of this school. All matter intended for publication must be submitted to the editor before the first of the month in which it is to appear. The Acropolis Box will be found in the office and is for the reception of notes and personals.

VOL. XXIII OFFICE: BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL SANCTUM, NEWARK, N. J. No. 10

Editor—W. FAIRLIE McNEAR
Associate Editor—HENRY G. COIT
Business Manager—C. WISTAR REEVE
Circulation Manager—WILLIAM PERRY

LITERATURE..... Willard Cummin, Ch., Ethel Dodge, Percy Olton, Mabel Walters, Beatrice Kenny, Harriette Bellah

PERSONALS..... Elizabeth DeVoe, Ch., Edmund Dippel, Robert Wallace, Gertrude Fitzherbert, Harry Jefferis

ART ..... Franklin Chattin, Ch., George Browne

FACULTY..... Mr. Morris L. Barr, Miss E. W. Peck, Literary Advisers, Mr. George W. Stone, Treasurer

SCHOOL NEWS..... Laurence Burgyes, Ch., Helen Kolodin, Roland Heyer, Elsie Ettinger

EXCHANGES..... Gordon Hart, Ch., Mary Cairns, Anita Thomas, Pauline Sheehan

ATHLETICS..... George Haight, Ch., Lew Westreich, Samuel Green, Helen Ure

Graduate Notes..... Betty Holland, Ch., Irene Fine, Maxwell J. Rice

Ass't Circulation Mgr..... .....FRANK BUSSE

Ass't Business Mgrs..LLOYD SALISBURY, HALSEY G. BECHTEL, Jr.

NEWARK, N. J., JUNE, 1922

ROMA HEGEMAN

Roma Hegeman, who died on the twenty-second of April, came to Barringer from Garfield School. She belonged to the 3 A class, in the Arts course. Always of a happy and kindly nature, she won the friendship of all. Her love for beauty found a fine expression in her work in Arts, in which she showed decided talent and originality. To teachers, classmates and relatives Roma has left a pleasant and cherished memory.

NOT YET—BUT SOON

How glad we are to write June when we date our home-work papers, for it means that vacation is nearly here. We can hardly hold ourselves in check. We are ready to burst from the bonds of school and its duties to enjoy ourselves thoroughly for two months. The last few weeks of school are trying; the weather is either so hot and sultry that we want to rush top speed for a swim in some cool lake, or so beautiful and invigorating that we cannot keep to our lessons. Yet we all know that this month is as important as the others, so let's continue doing our school work well for with everything of that nature well done behind us we shall be better able to enjoy to the fullest extent July and August.

SPECIAL COURSE IN MANUAL TRAINING AT THE NEWARK STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

The following information will be of special interest to the boys in the Senior Class.

At a recent meeting of the State Board of Education, a resolution, establishing a two year special course in the State Normal School at

Newark, for training teachers of manual training for Elementary and Junior High Schools, was adopted.

This action was taken in view of the fact that the need of trained teachers in this field of education, in the schools of New Jersey is urgent.

Many superintendents and principals have requested and urged that a course of this kind be established and considering the great metropolitan area surrounding the school, an immediate demand for graduates of this course is assured. Splendid opportunities for young men desirous of entering the profession are offered through the opening of this course. The salaries, in various cities and towns of New Jersey for this type of school work are very attractive while the supply of capable, trained teachers of manual training is far below the demand.

The new department will be under the direction of Mr. John J. Hatch, formerly supervisor of manual training in the Public Schools of Newark, assisted by several expert teachers in this field of education.

High school students interested in the above course may secure catalogue and further information by addressing Dr. W. Spader Willis, Principal, State Normal School, Newark, N. J.

APRIL HONOR ROLL

4A Room 25. Thelma Ruffkess.
Room 36. Edgar Fischer, Marie Nugent, Percy Olton, Ruth Arline, Benjamin Shill, Fred Warnecke, Evelyn Hock, Fairlie McNear.
Room 37. Eli Siberfeld, Franklin Steiger, Sylvia Lancet, Esther Obertrifter, Anna Federici.

4B Room 41. Philip Freda, Jeanette Peiffer, Helen Rosentreter, Selma Fischman,
Room 50. Franklin Chattin, Hilda Rostow, Sara Weckstein, Evelyn Battin, Lida Bedell.
Room 51. Stanley Smith.
Room 50. Evelyn Battin, Lida Bedell, Franklin Chattin, Hilda Rostow, Sara Wickstein.

3A Room 43. Hedwig Hass, Marie Welsh, Frederick Wolpert, Eugenia Thomas, Dorothy Olton.
Room 82. John Single, Eleanor Wilsey.

3B Room 55. Weiss.

2A Room 32. Warren Condit, Wheeler Coult.
Room 33. Florence Johns.
Room 42. William Parry, Gilda Rosamilia.
Room 63. Elizabeth Paskow, Beatrice Rosenberg, Vera Sherman, Harry Stein, Walter Walsh, Joseph Weintraub.

2B Room 26. Charles Hart, James Lingle.
Room 65. Gerald Cetrulo, Marie Recegliano, Leonard Sushnet.
Room 56. Harry Doremus.
Room 81. Benjamin Eskin, Abe Honigfeld, Heyman Kaplan.
Room 83. Burtis Morningstern.
Room 86. Milton Block.

1A Room 83[1]. Beatrice Loubert, Sadie Shanker.
Room 87[1]. Lillian Knight, Florence Kohlins.
Room 93. Edward Conklin.

1B Room 63[1]. Margaret Smith, Louise Swift.
Room 66. Isabelle Mendorper, Gretchen Petry, Gertrude Taylor.
Room 91[1]. Evelyn Brinkerhoff, Elizabeth Eagles, Edythe Herbell.
Room 92. William Angilly, Ethel Buchanan, Charles Green, Frances Hutt, Ruth Schomp, Robert Wirsching, Idella Hector.
Room 82. William Stearns.

POETRY

PAGE MOTHER NATURE

Spring and Summer together with their old pal, Dame Nature, have aroused our poets. To some their approach has meant promise of jolly times and out-of-doors life; to one they recall other surroundings where Spring and Summer are even more heartily welcomed than here. In "The Call of the Yukon," Bernardine Chiego's Canadian experiences and his association with men from the Yukon have found expression in a rugged style which reminds us of Robert Service.

UP THERE
THE CALL OF THE YUKON

By BERNARDINE CHIEGO

I'll sing you a song of the YUKON,
  Of the place where men must be true;
Of the homes in the cold bleak mountains,
  Of the land where men dare and do.

'Tis no tale of a plighted lover
  Or myth with a hero strong,
But a song of the bleak cold northland,
  Where there's DEATH for the man who
    does wrong.

That's the place where a man must stand
    "FOUR SQUARE"
  And walk with his head in the air,
With a gun on his hip? To be sure sir,
  That, sir, is the fashion up there.

For the forge of the YUKON moulds true men,
  Old VULCAN'S the smith, sir, up there;
He tempers each blade before packing;
  They are fit blades he sends out, I'll swear.

His helper is old mother nature
  That teacher supreme and divine,
Whose teachings as firm as Gibralter,
  Have led me thru rain and sunshine.

Just one rule, has this sweet mother taught me,
  One rule which has lead me thru all:
"DO GOOD TO YOUR FELLOW AND
  NEIGHBOR
  AND REMEMBER A SQUARE DEAL TO
  ALL."

Half my life has been spent in the gold fields
  In the land where the wild YUKON flows;
I've seen fights that'd scrap your old movies,
  Take the word of a man, sir, who knows.

But the YUKON'S a merciless country,
  Its law is a million years old,
And its law does not pity the weak man,
  It exists for the good of the bold.

It's no joke living up in the YUKON,
  Still I'm going there—back again;
The old lure of the YUKON is in me—
  Going back to my place among MEN.

There's no joy to go back to the fighting,
  To facing and bucking the line,
But the thoughts which are in me are pointing
  To that land of men UPRIGHT and FINE.

But my "right" has it's old time kick yet—
  Tho it's HELL to go back there again;
I'm going—the YUKON is calling:
  "COME BACK TO YOUR PLACE
  AMONG MEN."

DOWN HERE
THE CALL OF THE ALMA MATER

That's the way of the men of the YUKON,
That land of men LOYAL and TRUE—
It's the way of BARRINGER students
Who are true to the old WHITE and BLUE.

And we'll all take this pledge on our honor,
"ALMA MATER WE PLEDGE NOW TO THEE,
THE BEST THAT THY CHILDREN CAN OFFER,
TRUTH—HONOR, and LOYALTY."

EXPECTATION

By DOROTHY OLTON

Through whispering trees, the murmuring winds arise,
And drowsy flowers lift up their sleepy eyes;
The chorus of the woodland voices swells
For light upon the hills, the Dawn fortells.

All nature bides the day's great miracle,
The larks begin their morning canticle,
The cock proclaims the weary Night is done,
The world on tiptoe now awaits the Sun!

THE CALL

By BETTY HOLLAND

Our lilies of the valley chime
Their joy-bells sweet and low,
Now, wild flowers, it's your dancing time,
What makes you tary so?

Blue, yellow, white, they hurry up,
They're flocking faster still,
The daisy and the buttercup,
Wood-violet, daffodil.

Then O, while out of heaven the moon
Looks down with joyful glance,
The lilies ring and ring the tune,
The blossoms dance and dance.

I hear myself its silver hum
At home, how can I stay?
O flower, 'tis calling me to come
And dance with you away!

FIREFLY NIGHT

By HELEN MAWHA

At evening when the sun had gone to rest,
And soft, rich, hazy hues stole in the sky;
We started through the mystic woods in quest
Of bark, in which our candles were to lie;
To glide across the lake—each one a firefly.
Our candles lit, we set them out to sail,
Our hopes were rising, falling—lights would die,
While music o'er the waters calm would trail.
The mirrored lights shone fair—my wish—it must not fail!

THE DANCE OF THE MOONBEAMS

By ESTHER OBERTRIFTER

I chanced one mild May evening
To pass a little lake;
I stopped and turned my tired eyes
To watch the ripples break.

And as I looked, the moonbeams
Delightful to behold,
Danced upon that lakelet
And turned the water gold.

"Now tell me, little moonbeams,"
I asked, in query bold,
"What spirit gives you power
To turn the water gold?"

And while I gazed, a murmur
Rose upward, like a sigh,
And the light and airy moonbeams
To me made this reply:

"At first, when the world was created,
We worked in darkness alway
And the moon, our heavenly mother
Of light, gave us not a ray.

"For she, as you often have noticed,
Is pale, for a lady so fair,
And of rays of light for moonbeams
She had not a ray to spare.

"And so night after night, thru the darkness
We groped, wishing vainly for light
Until, one early spring morning,
The Lord Sun caught us in flight.

"The sun, that life-giving ruler,
Who of mortals all takes care,
Loves the moon and the moonbeams,
For they her children are.

"With cunning fingers, he fashioned
Little lamps of silver and gold,
With handles made from the diamond,
For each little moonbeam to hold.

"And so, as we dance on the water
Each moonbeam his lamp doth hold
And we flash it hither and thither
To turn the water gold."

And as they trip o'er the lakelet
With step light, graceful, and free,
They are dancing the dance of the moonbeams,
For all of the world to see.

REMEMBRANCES

By SAM MAREINISS

As I was walking through the sullen and dark
streets,
A remembrance came to me
Of the happy years that have passed,
Both wonderful and joyous.
It was of the country
Where as a child
I roamed the trails of the fields
And the valley full of blooming flowers and
trees;
And then of the quaint home
Which I can still picture
Beautiful in the sunset glow.
Then I thought of my companions
Whom I have long left,
But have not forgotten,
For who can be so heartless
As to forget his childhood friends
With whom he has enjoyed many days?
But alas!
What has gone, is past,
And as the time passes,
I, too, dread the day
When only the happy dreams shall be left
Of my youthful days.

JOY

By IRVING BROWNE

Like the sunbeams on the shining lakes
Dancing gaily when the sun awakes;
Like the ripple of the mountain brook
As it runs into a shady nook.
Such is joy.
Though it be a fleeting pleasure,
Gaily dance the merry measure.
For the rhythm of our dancing
Will set laughing looks a glancing
And bring joy, joy, joy!

THE SCARLET POPPY

A NEW HANDLING OF AN OLD PLOT

By ESTHER SLADE

An inpenetrable fog shrouded the city of Paris in cold, dank greyness. The blazing lights of the theaters shone brightly through the mist, seeming to mock the few straggling wanderers, who now and then scurried from some sheltering doorstep, and lost themselves in the dense haze of night. More lights appeared—and still more, so that myriads of shining fairies seemed to be dancing in their midst, keeping time to the pitter-patter of the rain drops. Soon the Rue de la Paix was swarming with merry crowds of pleasure seekers, all laughing gayly, and tripping along as though there were no such things in the world as fog, and rain, and sorrow. The brilliant colorings of fantastic costumes, the babble of youthful voices, now singing happily, now echoing in bursts of unsuppressed laughter, the flaunting everywhere of streamers and gay confetti, all lent to the motley throng an atmosphere of carefree joy and recklessness. To one who has never visited Paris, such proceedings, especially in the midst of fog and rain, would seem utter madness and folly. But to Pierre Landou, young Frenchman and artist, affairs appeared extremely natural; to him, everything was as it should be. For was this not the first night of the Mardigras, the wonderful Mardigras which took place only once in every long year? Indeed, Pierre himself wanted to be happy tonight,—he longed to be down among the gay crowd, dancing and singing like the rest. But, instead, he contented himself with gazing from his studio window upon the mad whirl beneath him, high above all the bright lights and boisterous gaiety.

For one of the greatest things in life had come to Pierre Landou, and it had made him a veritable wreck of his former self. It was this that kept him awake all through the night, thinking and planning till his overworked brain nearly gave up the struggle for inspiration. To the outside world, it means ambition; to Pierre, it meant the beginning of a great career. He wanted to paint a picture, a Madonna. But where, in all the world, was there a woman with the face of a Madonna? For six long, dreary months Pierre had searched for her in vain. To paint his masterpiece without her would be impossible—he knew that only too well.

Slowly his restless eyes, heavy from drink and lack of sleep, swept over the brilliant spectacle below. A flower-girl, bearing many brightly-colored bouquets, passed beneath his window, and, as she paused to fasten a scarlet poppy in her dark hair, the light from the torch of a gay Harlequin flashed full in her face. A sharp cry of joy escaped Pierre's lips: at last, at last, he had found his Madonna! Never be-

fore had he beheld such hair—such eyes—a maiden's face so full of purity and goodness.

The rest was easy for Pierre. At the end of two wonderful months the Madonna was completed. And it was good—Pierre knew that it was good. He had seen the picture in his dreams over and over again, and the face of his dream-girl was identical with that of the flower-maiden, Charline—the inspiration of his masterpiece.

Just as he had thought, the painting of the Madonna made Pierre Landou a famous man. Indeed, Pierre was pleased with himself, the Madonna, and the world in general, yet merely one success could not satisfy him. Once more he was filled with ambition—with desire to become still greater in the world of art. All France had worshipped his Madonna; it should marvel at his "Daughter of Satan." And yet, the road to Fame is no easy one; for Pierre, it was strewn with barriers and hardships. Not once, not for one little moment, had he thought that the "Daughter of Satan" would be more difficult to find than the "Madonna." Nevertheless, after months of fruitless searching, he began to fear that there was no such thing in Paris as a truly wicked woman. A year passed with no results. Two years flew by, and still Pierre searched in vain.

At last, in a frenzy of determination and despair, he visited the underworld of Paris, the rendezvous of outcasts, the abode of criminals, the most vile spot on God's earth. But even here—where goodness was practically unknown—Pierre could find no woman to his liking—not one whose face held only wickedness, without a trace of some good quality beneath it. Almost ready to give up his seemingly mad search, the artist sank to his only form of consolation—drink. And while he drank, he watched the wild Bohemian dancers as they reeled up and down the floor, now pausing to taste the red, blood-like wine, now tossing scarlet poppies to those who sat around the tables, trying like Pierre, perhaps, to drown their troubles in gaiety.

Suddenly, Pierre began to realize where he was—he saw the revelers, the wine, the dancing, and scarlet poppies—ah, yes, now he remembered. The flower girl—Charline, her name was—had worn a scarlet poppy just four —no five—years ago this very night. And this was the Mardigras! Something fell on the floor at his feet, and he stooped to pick it up. Gazing at it steadily for a moment, he crushed it in his iron grip till a heap of bruised, crimson petals was all that remained. Slowly, supporting himself by the tables and chairs, he reeled over to the dancer who had thrown the poppy, and grasped her wrist. For an instant she cringed beneath his keen gaze, but not for long.

"Let me go!" she screamed, at the same time giving him a forceful blow on the cheek.

"You vixen!" he whispered hoarsely, "Come with me. I'm going to make you happy. Don't you know who I am?"

"You are Pierre Landou, the artist, and you want to paint my picture. But I won't let you, I tell you! Make me happy?" The dancer threw back her head and laughed—laughed like a woman gone mad—like a hunted creature who laughs from fear rather than from mirth. Then, suddenly, she stopped and gazed fiercely at Pierre. "Let me go—I'm happy enough now. Let me go, I say!"

Pierre saw a flash of white teeth and, in an instant, the hand which encircled her wrist was stained with blood.

"Wild cat," murmured Pierre, as he reached for his pocket with his free hand. From it, he drew forth a handkerchief and, incidentally, a heavy bag of money. "Now," he laughed, "will you come with me?" The dancer gazed longingly first at the money, and then at her surroundings.

"Yes, monsieur, I will go," she said—and Pierre smiled to himself.

The next day, he began to paint the "Daughter of Satan." For a month he worked on it, and, always, the girl from the Underworld was there, sitting before him, and lending him her wicked beauty for his art. Pierre could not understand the dancer. Sometimes he fell in love with her because of her beauty, sometimes he hated her because of her sinfulness—always he was afraid of her; she seemed so like a wild beast at bay, ready to spring upon him at a moment's notice. But she was a typical "Daughter of Satan," and this was what he wanted.

As the picture grew nearer and nearer its completion, Pierre felt that he had seen it

somewhere before. At first he warded the feeling off, thinking it a wild fancy or a trick of his imagination; but, as time passed, he began to wonder more and more who it was that so closely resembled his "Daughter of Satan." Then came the day on which he meant to finish the picture. He did finish it—but, somehow, it seemed to lack one little thing. Unconsciously, Pierre painted a scarlet poppy amongst the tresses of raven hair. He knew not why he did it—he felt that it should be there—why, he could not tell. Then, with an air of pride and triumph, Pierre gazed at his second masterpiece. Suddenly his hand trembled, his paint brush fell to the floor, and tearing his eyes away from the "Daughter of Satan," he staggered back against the wall.

"Charline," he gasped.

Like a whirlwind, the dancer descended from the pedestal on which she had been posing, and confronted Pierre with the eyes of a tiger.

"Yes, I am Charline—I—I!" she screamed. "Once I was a flower girl—the purest maiden in France—the 'Madonna' of your masterpiece! Now—look at me!" she laughed again —the same wild laugh that Pierre had heard once before. "I loved you, Monsieur, but you never knew it. No, then Charline's heart would break, before she would confess her love for such as you. But now I tell you—because soon I die: tomorrow, Charline will be no more. Alas! I would have given all I had for you. But what cares an artist for his model? With me, it was love—with you, art. Ah, well! It is over now."

For a minute, Charline was vanquished, but only for a minute. Then her fighting spirit rose once more, and walking steadily to the just completed picture, she took a poinard from her belt, and slashed the masterpiece from end to end.

" 'Tis better that the world remember Charline as the 'Madonna' than as the 'Daughter of Satan!' " she cried. "Good-by, Monsieur, I'm sorry that I spoiled your picture—but you will not regret it."

Pierre did not answer; his senses reeled. Finally he looked up; he was alone; Charline had gone; before him was the picture of his dreams—ruined! And on the threshold, a scarlet poppy.

THE AWAKENING

By MABEL HERRICK WALTERS

When Bill Graham came back from the war to Cliffside, a small summer resort on the coast, to rest and to forget the dark memories that he never spoke of, he lived through a dreamy and monotonous haze of sunny mornings by the restless ocean, and still, moon-lit nights, rendered mystic by the soft, light-touched tones of a violin. The deep melancholy that surrounded and enveloped him often led him away from the laughter and the airy voices of his sister's circle of young people; to dwell alone with the star-light on the black depths of the water, or to listen, apart from the crowd, on the veranda, to some soft, sweet melody as his younger brother played. As weeks passed, and still he looked on the world with the same indifference, he became an object sometimes of derision, sometimes of pity, but always of misunderstanding. For all he needed was an awakening to what would recall to his war-shattered mind a blank past, and open to reality the bright future of which his youth had dreamed and for which he had ceased to hope.

On one of those bright, sunny mornings, when he had been stupidly studying the walk from a window, his eye was arrested by a flash of color. On second glance, he discovered a pair of glaring yellow socks. Raising his gaze to the arresting young man who flashed them, he took in the whole appearance. Every detail of the youth's apparel was strikingly noticeable—the plaid sport coat, the vivid tie that floated at full length in the slight breeze, a purple signal. As he was standing with his hat in his hand, he suddenly slipped on his head gear at a rakish angle, jumped into the car that was waiting behind him, and drove off. Graham's curiosity was aroused.

"Who is that freak?" he pointedly ques-

tioned his sister, who was sitting near by, writing.

Jean Graham did not follow the direction of her brother's eyes, but with a knowledge of her numerous acquaintances and of Bill's usual indifference to any of them, responded with little thought, "That's Sid Parker—the freakiest, wisest, wealthiest, sportiest, most daring college hopper in town." With this reply, she resumed her letters, not without an air of finality, as if she had set down all there was of him, and so had dismissed him.

By some trick of memory, Graham was strangely impressed by the "college hopper." A friend of Jean's, and a frequent addition to her company, Parker held a deepening interest for the older man—older by few years, perhaps, but far older by unspoken experiences. What attracted him, Graham never could define. He became accustomed to seeing him at his house among the other young people, his green touring car waiting without—a car with one of the mudgears bent in a singular form. When Parker was present, an exciting evening was the prospect. The young man usually stayed ten minutes, and into those ten minutes he threw more slang than Graham had ever before heard from one man at any one time. It was then his custom to pack the whole crowd into the inevitable green touring car, and dash off to some informal dance or play. For Parker was a modern young man in every sense of the term: ungovernable, reckless, outrageously dressed, lax in his speech, a lover of jazz, a 'flashy' dancer of all disapproved-of steps, and a breaker of all possible speed laws.

But the name he was continually making for himself could not symbolize even the modern young man. He could spend nights dancing and playing cards; he could make himself conspicuous by his dress and speech; he could evade the law as well as the traffic and speed his car. Every one indulges in such diversions occasionally and generally hurts no one. But to make these things life, subordinating higher ideals, is a different matter, as dangerous as it is lowering. It may lead to the slow, grinding ruin of a man's character, or it may lead to the sudden, tragic result of his indulgence.

When Parker, away on a motor-trip, did not come to the house for a few weeks, Graham missed the young man's careless, reckless, yet friendly manner. Realizing that Parker was going to the extreme, he had told himself that he did not care. For he had ceased caring for things since War had hardened and embittered his soul. Yet he had watched him—watched him with a troubled air of disapproval. Now he felt himself sinking into that indefinable haze of empty life that had previously surrounded him, until something called him back.

"CHILD SERIOUSLY INJURED, STRUCK BY AUTOMOBILE NEAR CLIFFSIDE, ABANDONED BY DRIVER."

As Graham glanced through the Evening Journal's headlines, he paused a moment at the above heading of a column. The contemptible meanness of the crime held his passive interest. His eyes wandered to the opening paragraph of the passage.

"While playing in front of her home on F— street, Sandy Villa, early yesterday morning, little Eva Norton, eight years old, was hit by an automobile before the eyes of her two little companions. The children screamed, and two workmen, employed on the new building at No. 52, directly opposite the scene of the accident, rushed to the street, where they found the child, unconscious. Police were notified and detectives sent on the trail of the car which the men saw turning the corner at F— and W— streets. Nothing, however, has since been seen of the car or driver, who, from his reckless driving and his abandonment of the child, is suspected of having been under the influence of liquor. The car, as seen momentarily in turning the corner, is described as green, and of a low built type. The mudgear on the right was damaged, twisted partly out of shape. The only occupant of the car was a man, young in appearance."

What became of the child, what aid had been given to it, what condition it was in, who had been notified of the accident—all these things were lost from Parker's reading. A green car—a mudgear bent in a singular form—a young man—Graham passed these over in his mind. What was he thinking of? Not Parker's car! Not Parker! But, yes!

A deep resentment against Parker swept over him. There were only two lights in which he could see him. Had Parker know-

ingly hurt a child, allowed it to suffer, left it to die? The thought was unthinkable. Or had he done what he had done in the madness of intoxication? Could it have gone as far as that? Graham realized grimly that it could, and that Parker had failed to face the penalty. What a coward!

Graham arose, tore the page from the paper, and crushed it into a miserable pulp. No one knew—no one but he and Parker! Parker would go on hiding that secret, locking it up within him, covering it up with a thousand recklessnesses, trying to forget. He himself would forget. He would forget it if he could.

Graham drew back a curtain from a window and stared out into the black night. He had a vague consciousness that it was storming—a gloomy, mournful night. Somehow it did not seem strange to him that he should have found it so. Rain had not come in a downpour, only in a slightly dripping, thickly settled gloom. Staring out in that gloom, he felt something hard and cold within the depths of his soul go out of him that moment. He was moved by a sudden impulse to see Parker, at once and alone. But where was Parker? He put his hand to his head; he seemed to have forgotten. He recalled Jean's telling him that Parker had returned home from his trip the night before.

So he slipped out into the night. The air was exceptionally raw and cold; the blackness so dense that Graham could hardly advance in it. The rain, swept about by the wind, chilled him. A heavy downpour was impending.

Scarcely arriving at Parker's residence before the storm broke, Graham rushed to the door and rang. The young man himself came to the door. Graham saw that he did not recognize him in the dim light from the street lamps, but, hearing his name, immediately motioned him in.

"Pretty surprised to see you, old man," Parker greeted him with some friedliness. "Whew! How it is coming down! Here, I'll take your coat. Did you get pretty well soaked?"

"Thank—you. No, hardly."

Leading him across the lighted hall, Parker kept up a line of talk.

"I did not believe that anyone would come out tonight," he said. "This way, if you please—We'll go to my room, where I have been doping myself with some books. Whole family away for the week, you know," he continued, in his old, careless way—"pretty glad to see some one."

They had entered the room, and the young man, after seating his guest, flung himself into a chair.

"Well, Sidney," Graham spoke with a familiarity he had never shown him before, "how did you enjoy your trip? I suppose you have been having a great time?"

"I—yes." Parker hesitated a moment. "Fine weather all along. The riding was rather tiresome, of course, but, on the whole, it was an enjoyable trip. Saw some wonderful sights along the coast."

For some time, Parker discussed this topic. Graham had not expected to see him so like himself, so seemingly free of care, as if nothing had disturbed him in the least. It angered him—that good-humored, careless manner of his that mocked him.

"A car is certainly a useful thing," Graham said, when Parker had finished his talk. "Useful for business and pleasure—and crime." He paused a moment; then continued, "More criminals have escaped in automobiles than have been traced and found. I came across an instance of it in tonight's news. A child is struck by an automobile; the driver abandons it and escapes. You know that man has a big chance to escape detection, if he is careful enough. In fact, I do not think that he will be discovered by authorities."

Graham emphasized the last word. What significance his meaning bore, he left to Parker to surmise.

"Yet," he continued, "what does it amount to, such an escape? No one can escape from himself. Having himself to fear more than a handful of inefficient men, that man is in great danger."

Parker stirred.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded, the color slowly draining out of his face. "Why should you speak to me of this?"

"I speak of what I would speak of to no other," Graham answered him, his tones low

and earnest. "I know of no one who suspects you."

For a moment neither spoke. What a change had come over the young man! The careless, carefree spirit of the "Sid Parker" society had known was dying within the soul of a grave man no one knew.

"So you know? I understand," he said, bitterly.

The rain was slackening without. Only the faint, swishing sound of it could now be heard. Turning to his companion, Graham broke in on his subject abruptly.

"Let me open up some of my own past to you," he said. "Tonight I feel as if my college days were very near to me.

"One of the best friends I ever had I met at College. In my sophomore year, when I made the acquaintance of Charles Garford—"

"Charles Garford?"

Graham stared at the man before him. Where had he seen such a form and face before?

"Captain Charles Garford died on the fields of France."

Parker arose, removed a folio from a desk, and handed it to Graham. The leaflet bore the photograph of a young soldier, strangely familiar to him and so resembling the man before him that he at once realized what had attracted him. Below the picture ran the words: "To my likeness—from your uncle Charley Garford." It was enough to realize such a fact and to say nothing.

"When I met Garford, who was then a senior," Graham continued, "we were at first good friends, seeing a lot of each other. However, when I, to my misfortune, got in with a rather wild set at college, getting into their ways, neglecting my studies for nights out—late dancing, club meetings, hazing freshmen, and so on, I lost Garford's companionship and advice. All these things I did to have a good time led to the disastrous end of my college career.

"I had been elected treasurer of the school's Literary Club. One of my companions, getting into some trouble, came to me for money. He was desperate. He had to have the amount of fifty dollars immediately. None of his friends, our crowd, could give it to him at once, and I, who would have been glad to help him, was also unable to do so. But I was weak. He finally induced me to lend him money from the Club treasury, promising to return it in two days, when he was to receive a check from home. For two days—more than that—I was in mental anguish. I received no money from the man. He himself had failed, and he had not a cent to offer me. In a week he left the college.

"When I was called upon to make a report of the statistics, afraid to wait until I was suspected, I announced that the treasury had been robbed! Thus suspicion passed from me as easily as I could have desired. But I determined to make up the money, and I managed to do so.

"The only person who suspected me was Charles Garford. I saw him alone, one night, and the story came out. He told me what I shall never forget—that life cannot be a lie—an unreal, covered existence—that we should not shrink from truth, from hard things. And truth, cold truth, may be cruel.

"I returned to the college the money I had gathered, and I acknowledged that I had taken the stolen amount. I was immediately expelled from college, but I had done what I knew to be the only honorable thing to do."

Graham sank into silence. Parker had been listening with a deep interest. Had he been thinking of that which had been in Graham's mind? Graham saw him turn his face away. When he faced Graham, all the bitterness had disappeared from his face.

"God helping me, I'll do it," he said, a great earnestness in his voice.

And Graham knew what it had cost him to make such a resolution and what it would mean to carry it out.

And then he realized that he was indebted to Parker for that of which the young man was not aware—that Parker alone had brought back his interest in life. Life had been little more than a dream since he had come back to Cliffside—a vague, spiritless thing. Now it held great hope within it—real life.

He led the younger man to the window.

"Listen," he said.

They held their breath to listen to the rumbling of the water. It held a vague fear in it,

(Continued on page 32)

WHEN STAN MARSHALL CAME BACK

By STEPHEN H. BILLINGTON

Bruce R. Kent paced nervously up and down his office stopping from time to time to gaze from the window at the idle men arranged in groups near the gates. Oh, he'd seen strikes before. The men would never organize and so would come to terms. Still Bruce was nervous. This was the first strike since the death of his father. Before, he had had his father's support, the support of one of the greatest woolen magnates in the country, a man who delighted in conflicts, the man who had built the thriving town of Bannock around a mill which others had ridiculed. He had made "Kent Kloth" a household word, despite the combined opposition of all Wall Street; his dad had been a wonderful man. If only Bruce could be like his dad, but he was different. He was green to the world of conflicts. Even now he was ready to give in if only it might be possible to meet the demands the men were making. McEllwain, the new superintendent, had walked out, too, his secretary was informing him. Oh, why hadn't he let Stan Marshall come back? He would have helped him. He had always helped his father. Still, how could he have let Marshall come back? When Stan had returned from the war, Guthrie had been in charge; and Guthrie had been too good a man to let go just because Stan had come home. But now he saw his mistake. Guthrie had been too big a man for a job like that. He might have known he wouldn't stay. Well, if worst came to worst, he could get Bill on from Chicago, he'd know what to do.

Plainly Kent was worried and, could he have but seen what was taking place behind a door marked, "Local 437, Herman Denis, President," his worry would have been doubled. "And we've called you in to ask if you will join us and lead the strike," Denis was saying.

Stanley Marshall gazed from the dingy office and a look of pleasure spread over his face as he saw the men, Kent's men, standing idle in the streets. They wanted him, he knew that. Marshall had always been popular with the men, that was why, Denis had explained, that the men had called on him to lead them.

"But it seems to me," began Marshall. "that it should be up to you to lead the strike. You were the men's choice before. You are still the men's choice, queer you should come to me. Why its been four years since I worked at the mill."

"True enough," admitted Denis, "I was the men's choice, I'm still the men's choice; but only as president. In a crisis, when everything depends on leadership, the men want someone they know, someone they respect, and someone they can trust. You are their choice! Even if they had wanted you as president, you could not have been elected for you were not working at the mill. Think it over Mr. Marshall, and let me know in the morning."

That was how Stanley Marshall came to lead the strike, for the next morning his answer to Denis was just three words, "Yes, I will." It was not that Stan Marshall found glory in leading a mill strike, it was rather that he was leading an uprising against Bruce R. Kent, the man who had cheated him out of his job. From the day Kent had told him there was "Nothing doing," Stanley Marshall had been waiting for his chance to come back at him. And now, when he had his chance, he would lose no time.

Marshall's first move was to place an armed picket at the mill gates, as a call for strike breakers had already gone forth.

For six days the strike went on in a peaceful way while the leaders were trying to come to some agreement which would end the fight. Yet always when a settlement seemed near, Marshall would not agree; for, to compromise so early would kill all hope of the revenge of which he dreamed, and it was only for that revenge that he had entered the strike.

On the seventh day Marshall entered Denis' office, and for three hours the two held an uninterrupted conference. "Kent's importing men from the Buffalo branch. They're coming with bag and baggage, too. Looks like they intend to stay," announced Marshall.

"Yes, and unless we can force Kent to come to terms we'll be blackmailed sure as fate," added Denis. "Bill Kent has come on from Chicago to take hold. We'll have our hands full if the strike breakers get into the mill and start things going again."

"Well, they'll probably go in on the first

shift tonight and it will take violence to keep them out." For a moment Marshall hesitated. It hadn't been his intention to lead the men to violence, but here was a case when he would have to unless he meant to give up the fight. "Besides the men are discontented and if we're not careful we'll be going back at Kent's terms."

"Say, I've seen strikes before. Men always act like that. It's the strike breakers, not the strikers we must worry about. I'll be at the mill tonight and keep them out at any cost," said Denis, before they parted.

Marshall knew what it would mean to keep them out, and so when firing was heard that evening and at intervals during the night, he was not very much surprised. But the strikers paid for those shots, for in the morning Denis was dead with a bullet lodged in his side.

Now it was up to Marshall. He had a job ahead of him. The strikers were still holding the scabs at bay, but there was a feeling for their lost leader that only violence would satisfy. Then came the news that the militia had been called out.

Marshall needed time to think. He couldn't think in the office, with the hub-hub outside. He needed quiet. That was how it came about that Marshall met the militia on their way to Bannock.

For a moment, as they came toward him Marshall felt regrets. Once, he had belonged to that regiment and yet at that moment he was plotting against them—against the boys with whom he had stood side by side in France!

It seemed eternity before the Colonel was alongside him. It was the same old Colonel, the one he had fought under during the war. He had stopped. What was he asking him? The way to the mill?

"Hello, Colonel! Don't suppose you remember your old Lieutenant Stanley Marshall?" spoke up Marshall eager to change the subject.

"Stanley Marshall! Well, well! Knew your face was familiar. Couldn't think of the name though. Well Stanley, how are you and what are you doing now? I suppose you're way up in the world now'.'

"Oh, I'm fine, thanks. Traveling now," lied Marshall.

"We've just been ordered to Kent Mills at Bannock to establish martial law and guard the mill during the strike. We're kind of lost though. Which road do we take to Bannock?

It was a tense moment in Marshall's life. If the militia arrived, the strike was lost, and so was he in the eyes of the men as well as all his friends; while, if he misdirected the Colonel, there was still a chance to win before the militia arrived. Marshall chose to misdirect the Colonel.

All the rest of that day and all through the night, Marshall endeavored to arrange a conference. There would have to be a compromise before the arrival of the militia or—well, Marshall knew what the result would be. But Kent was firm, he was hardened to the strike by now and they'd come back at his terms or not at all.

In the morning the militia arrived, and to Marshall, as he sat in the dingy office marked Local 437, Herman Denis, President, all hope had gone. He remembered what Denis had once said, "A small charge in the drain under the mill and—" Yes, that was his only chance.

That night Marshall himself was at the main gate. He'd keep the men there till ten o'clock for it would arouse suspicion if they left too early.

As Marshall looked up at the old grey mill that would be but smoking ruins in only a few hours, he thought of the human sacrifice he was causing. Bruce had gone through school with him. They had been room-mates at college. Well did he remember the time when only Bruce and he were in the pool and he had been taken with a cramp. Bruce had risked his life to save him and he in turn was risking his to kill Bruce. Then there was the Colonel. The finest chap in the army he had often said. And Bill Kent who had been overseas with him! A fine chap too! So were the others, his buddies of the old regiment. Less than an hour more and, no he wouldn't let it happen, he couldn't. There were other ways to settle the strike. Yet how could he stop it? He could get no message to the men inside. As he looked up, he could see Kent's shadow pass

the window, to and fro. Oh, it couldn't be. He must stop it. Less than twenty minutes remained, the men were already starting to leave. Could he do it?

A high hedge ran along the road to the mill. It started about twenty feet from the gate. If only he could reach the mill unseen, he would save them; but if he should be seen! The men in the mill were surely armed. It was his only chance and Marshall took it.

Five seconds passed. Then out rang a volley of shots from the mill, and the rifles of the pickets spat out a deadly answer. But Marshall's ears were deaf to it all. There was only a hundred yards more to go. Two-thirds there! A pain shot through his arm. O, if only he could reach the mill. Not fifty yards to go! He could hardly drag himself on! He fell. If only the shooting would stop, he could cry out. He managed to rise to his feet. He'd make it yet.

The Colonel opened the door. Surely anyone who would risk his life as Marshall had done had something important for the occupants of the mill.

"Marshall! God, I'm glad you made it."

"Get them out. Everybody," moaned Marshall. "The mill will go up in less than five minutes."

"Here, get this note to the gates. It will let you out and—," but Marshall, being only human, gave way from loss of blood.

. . . . . .

From his small, white, hospital cot Marshall looked from one to the other of his friends; the friends he had saved, and then at the stub which had once been his right arm. A smile spread over his face. He had played the game. He had won.

ONE WILD WEEK

By FLORENCE SELIGMAN

"It's a shame, an outrage," father protested to mother and me, as we settled down in the library after dinner, "that self-respecting people cannot live decently now-a-days, within their means. Why, I hear of new cases every day of nice families looking for a fairly respectable house, at a highly respectable rent, and not even finding an inferior place in a neighborhood such as they hope and pray to be able to bring their children up in! Do you remember the Jones who used to live on this street? I wish you could see them now, such a fine family, living on Conner Avenue, which certainly is a decent place to live, and paying enormous rent. But," added father complacently, "we at least are safe, although our lease does run out next week, our rent wouldn't be raised, unless," he added with a frown, "the house were sold. But pooh, what's the use of looking at the dark side of things, our landlord has no intention of selling the house." And father sat back in his chair, the picture of self-satisfaction.

But, alas! his dreams were soon to be rudely shattered. In a few minutes my brother Ted came into the library, aquiver with ill-suppressed excitement. I have always adored Ted, my big brother, with his impetuosity, his athletic figure, his clear eyes, his clean-cut features.

"Why what on earth is the matter, Ted?" mother asked a bit nervously.

"Our house has been sold!"

"Our house has been sold," we repeated in chorus. "Well what do you think of that!"

Then Ted came over and whispered in my ear. "Look at father," he said, "it's a treat!"

And it was indeed a treat. Try to picture a stout man of about fifty-five, with graying hair and a round jolly face, confronted with just the problem he had thought himself so well rid of; and you will see father, open-eyed and open-mouthed; in his astonishment his good-natured face so ludicrous in its mixture of surprise and chagrin, that he was inexpressibly funny. Of course Ted and I began to laugh, and that sound aroused father to indignant action. When he learned the name of the new owner, he rushed to the phone, and frantically sought the landlord.

"Wh—What's that you say?" he sputtered. "Yes, I know you bought the house but—what's that about the rent? How much? Good heavens. I'm not buying the house, I'm renting

it! Well, we move! Yes, I said we move! Good-bye!"

"Theodore, Theodore, what have you done?" cried mother dispairingly. You know how hard it is to find a flat! Why, one week! Are you insane? Do you think you are so different from everybody else? Well, you are not! If we move—why we may not even find a place"—then seeing the look on father's face, she broke off. "Oh, what's the use of talking to you, you are so stubborn in some things no one can ever do a thing with you!"

"Oh, we'll find a place, we'll find a place, don't worry!" father kept reiterating with a persistance we knew well. And so, with a little sigh, mother gave up.

"I suppose we'll have to move," said she.

"Yes, I suppose we'll have to move," Ted and I announced wearily.

And then the wild rush began!

No one can ever appreciate that frantic week. Of course it wouldn't have been so bad if the flat hadn't been rented the very next day. Yes, rented the very next day, or as good as rented as far as we were concerned. Can you imagine it? Mother had, in her eagerness to find a place, 'spilled the beans.'

On Monday the insurance agent had come.

"Oh Mr. Donelly," mother had called down to him, "we have to move on next Monday, and we haven't any place to go! Please tell me you know of a place for us."

"I'm awfully sorry," came the polite answer, "but I can't say that I do."

"But you'll look out for us, won't you?"

"Of course. Oh, I'll do all I can for you, Mrs. Trusdell, you needn't worry about that. Good day."

Oh, if we only had known then what we know now, what a tragedy might have been avoided. But such is life, and what can we poor little mortals do about it?

Then Monday afternoon came, and with it Mrs. Brown, one of those gushing creatures, don't you know? Oh yes, Mr. Donelly, the insurance agent, had sent her to look at the flat, since we were going to move, don't you know. The flat is most beautiful and she thinks that she'll take it, don't you know!

Horrors, don't you hate that kind of people —"don't you know!"

"Well," said mother, after she had gone, "our flat is rented and we can't stay even if we want to. I don't know whether we took a wise step or not. Just suppose we can't find —But no," she added resolutely, "I won't think of that, we simply must find a place. Where there's time, there's hope."

And so it came about that we went flat-hunting, and we did some hunting!

Tuesday! Six days more! Running around, first to this street, then to that street, running, running, running! No place! Discouragement! Father still brave!

Wednesday! More running! Still no place! Mother frantic, father weakening! The by-word of the household, "Oh, if we could only stay!"

Thursday—three more days to stay! Household in a frenzy! Dim pictures of a drizzling sky and a certain family wandering homeless about the streets!

Friday morning! Black despair!

Friday afternoon! Happiness! Ted had found a place!

Friday night, as a rather happy family gathered at the dinner table, Ted could think of or talk of nothing except the new house.

"Ted," mother exclaimed impatiently, "do stop forever talking about that new house! I'll admit that it certainly is a relief to know that we have a place to go to, but the house is no wonder, in fact, not nearly so nice as this one. I can't see what you find so alluring in it!"

So Ted lapsed into silence and began dreaming over his soup. "Please hand me the salt, Ted," father asked. Ted dreamed on. "Please hand me the salt, Ted!"

"Oh, er'er, yes sir," Ted answered, abruptly waking from his reverie, and promptly handed him the butter. "Ted," father accused, "you've been dreaming! In love, I'll wager!"

"Father!" came from the indignant Ted.

"Well!" then son, prove it," said father. "If you weren't dreaming, what did I ask for?"

"Why, er—er, you asked for the bread," he answered brightly, and then, because we all laughed so unaccountably, he left the table, highly insulted.

"Well, mother," father said with a smile, "it certainly does look as if Ted had taken a violent fancy to some girl near the new house, doesn't it?"

"Yes, I'm afraid it does," answered mother, a trifle sadly, I thought.

And then came that unforgettable Saturday! We packed! More fun! First father called to me to bring a hammer. I had no sooner left the room than he emitted a howl of pain. I rushed back to find him ruefully nursing a bruised finger. He had brilliantly mistaken his thumb for a nail.

Meanwhile Ted was walking around in a trance, absolutely good for nothing. He was supposed to be carrying dishes from mother, who was taking them from the closet, to father, who was packing in the next room. His feet were just about to carry his dreaming brain in the swinging door when I came out. Well, I don't suppose you expect anyone with a rapt expression like that on his face, to look out, so naturally the door banged right in his face. I yelled! You'd yell too if you had a horrible feeling that your only brother was going to lose his nose. But poor mother had no way of knowing that it was only his nose I was screaming about, she thought it was his neck; so crash! bang! she promptly dropped all the dishes she was holding. I suppose to an outsider, this might seem funny, but it wasn't, not at all—to us! When we had at last finished, I firmly believe that it would be hard to find a more thoroughly tired, more thoroughly irritable family in America. "Well," said mother, sinking gratefully into a big armchair, "our troubles are over now till Monday, when we move. I am glad we have Sunday, anyway, to rest in."

"Listen!" she said to me, "was that the bell? Yes, there it goes again. Run down and answer the door, please."

It was the insurance agent, and most amazing news he had to tell. As soon as he left, I ran breathlessly upstairs, bursting with excitement.

"Mother, father, Ted," I exploded, running into the room. "What do you think has happened! We can stay! Our flat isn't rented!"

The family looked at me, dumfounded. I can just imagine what mother and father were thinking. All that awful packing— that frantic flat-hunting—that horrible worry—all for nothing; for of course we'd stay, this flat is much nicer than the one in the new house.

"A penny for your thoughts, Ted," I called over to him.

"Aw gee," he began boyishly, "don't let's stay here. Gosh that's some-er-er house over there," he finished.

"Why Ted, I don't know how you can say that!" mother cried. "That house can't compare with this."

"It's a nice house," he persisted stubbornly. Mother was about to retort, when receiving a broad wink from father, she changed her mind.

And long after Ted and I had gone to bed, mother and father sat up, talking. From my room I could just catch a few phrases—"We're all packed now"—"It's his first love"—"He's always been so fond of sport"—"We'll think it over."

So, Sunday at dinner father made an announcement.

"Well, children, we're going to move!" he said.

You should have seen Ted's face. If there ever was a picture of joy, he was it. Forgetting his dinner, he bounded up, pounding father on the back as he was eating, and nearly choking him, giving mother and me both an unexpected kiss, he bounced out of the room, yelling like a school-boy.

"What the ——" sputtered father, looking as if he wanted to be angry—but then, thinking it over; maybe looking back into his own youth a bit, he began to laugh heartily. Mother and I laughed too, in the enjoyment of the apparently transparent little joke.

And so Monday, moving day came. Confusion here, confusion there, confusion everywhere! When we finally got the new house into some sort of order, father, beaming goodwill, went over to Ted.

"Come on son, tell your old father, who is she?"

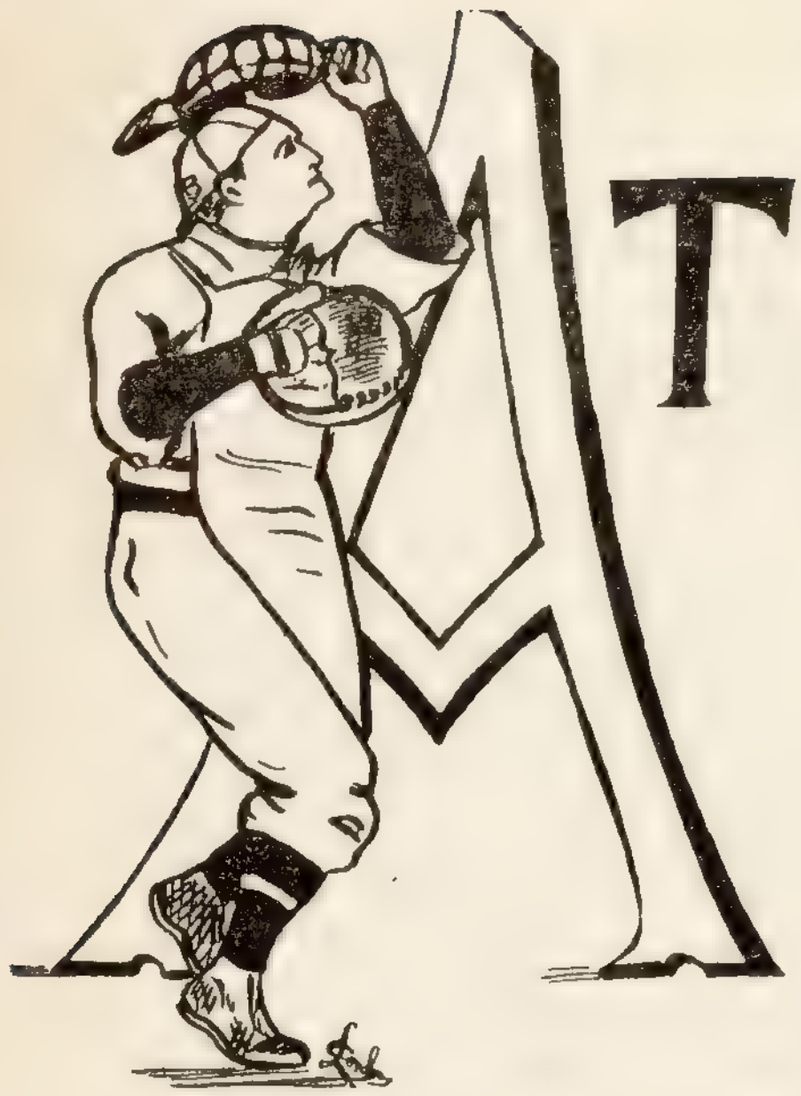
Ted looked bewildered. "Who is she?" he repeated. "Why what do you mean?"

"Now Ted, don't be so stubborn. You know we moved here on your account, because you were so head over heels in love!"

"But father," he began. Then suddenly a great light burst on him, beginning in a broad grin, and ending in a merry laugh. "Why folks," he said, "I'm not in love!"

"Not in love!" father repeated incredulous-

(Continued on page 32)



ATHLETICS

BARRINGER VS. CENTRAL

On Tuesday our green but ever-trying base ball team went down to defeat at the hands of the experienced players of Central. Though the score of 17-3 may indicate a one-sided affair, in reality it was not. Mr. Fields, our eminent coach, started Karl Gordinier, who by way, is out for baseball for the first time. Although inexperienced, he succeeded in holding the heavy hitting Central team for two innings. In the third, however, he was batted hard and was finally taken out and placed in right field. Leonard Wright, our first baseman, was put in to pitch. His slants, however, were also hit. Finally the game ended with Eikhorn pitching. Our pitchers were ineffective, but the Central hurler, Leonard Jacobs, hurled a remarkable ball. We only got a few scattered hits from him. It must be remembered, however, that Freddie Witt did not pitch in this game. On the whole, the game was not so bad.

This game has since been forfeited to Barringer since Central used an ineligible player.

BARRINGER LOSES TO DICKINSON

As was expected, our team proved easy pickings for the Dickinson High nine, going down to a 19 to 7 defeat in a N. J. I. League game.

Our balltossers, however, put a scare into the Jersey City lads by getting off to a five-run lead with two runs in the first and three runs in the third inning. After the Dickinson crew got to swinging their bats, however, it was all over but the shouting. Witt and Gordonier did the plugging for Barringer.

BARRINGER OVERWHELMS SUNNYSIDERS 13-6, BUT MUST FORFEIT GAME

On May second our boys traveled to City Field and by the score of 13-6 decisively defeated South Side. The battle was keenly fought but our boys came out on top by a comfortable margin. Witt performed very well on the mound and held the boys from South Side to a few scattered hits. The only reason for their runs were several excusable errors on our part. The heavy sluggers of the Blue and White were Lennie Wright, "Red" Brower and Fred Witt. Freddie Breithut, who caught for Barringer, played up to the highest expectations. However, because a member of our team was ignorant of one of the eligibility rules, the game was forfeited.

BARRINGER DEFEATS EAST SIDE

The defeat of East Side was occasioned mainly by Freddie Witt's fine twirling. Our lads were always alert and on their toes, quick to take advantage of opportunities, and displaying good Barringer spirit. Both teams had their star flingers on the mound. The pitchers seemed evenly matched, Shaffery fanning eight batters and Witt retiring six in like manner. East Side jumped into the lead, scoring two runs in the third frame. The "Big blue" took the lead with five runs in the fourth inning. In the eighth we added our last tally when Wright tripled and scored on Brower's

single. East Side got one run in the sixth and another in the ninth.

Score by innings:

East Side	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	1	—4
Barringer	0	0	0	5	0	0	0	1	0	—6

BARRINGER BEATEN BY BATTIN

Playing a loose brand of ball, our team suffered a 17 to 4 defeat at the hands of the Battin High performers. Our representatives made no less than eight errors, which were mainly responsible for their defeat. Even if our lads had played faultless ball they would have encountered much difficulty in winning, for the Betystowners poled out sixteen safe hits. Battin's pitcher, on the other hand, held our heavy sluggers to seven hits, a pair of which were garnered by Caprio, our heavy-hitting shortstop. Kaplan, replacing Wright, pitched the last two innings. This youngster showed up well, considering that it was his first chance of gracing the hillock. Witt had the distinction of making the longest hit in the game—a triple. To Barringer fell also the honor of making a neat double play.

HARD LUCK

Not long ago we perceived a bundle of bandages coming along the street over the brim of which peered the eyes of no other than that budding young base ball player, Karl Gordinier. This young man had been playing shortstop and pitcher in several games this year and playing well! What a calamity for this poor boy who loves the game to become an invalid at the very start of a season in which he might well have made a name for himself. Gordinier had sustained a broken wrist, his throwing wrist at that! Tough luck, Karl; but next year we'll see you out there playing the game all the harder. And next year you won't try to tease the parallels down at the "Y."

SOME GAME

The game was started with Molasses at the stick and Measles catching! Cigar was in the box with plenty of smoke. Horn on first base, and Fiddle on second, backed by Corn in the field, made it hot for Umpire Apple who was rotten. Axe went to the bat and chopped to Cigar, who let Brick walk, and Sawdust filled the bases. Song made a hit, and Twenty made a score, Cigar went out and Balloon started to pitch, but went straight up. Then Cherry tried, but went wild. Old Ice kept Cool in the game until he was hit by a pitched ball. Then you should have heard Ice Cream! At this, Cabbage on third lost his head completely and missed one, Grass covered lots of ground in the field, and the crowd cheered when Spider caught a fly. Bread loafed on third and pumped Organ who played first and put Sight out. In the fifth inning, Wind began to blow about what he could do, Hammer began to knock and Trees got sore and started to leave. The way they roasted Peanut was a fright. Knife was called out for cutting third base, Lightning finished pitching and struck out six men. In the ninth, Apple told Fiddle to take his base. Oats was shocked when Song made another hit, Trombone made a slide for third, and Meat was out when he missed the plate. The score was one to nothing so far. But Victor broke the Record when he made a Lucky Strike to Hassan who muffed. Then you should have heard them yell, "Oh, Ma." Ham was next at the bat, because there were not many Hams as Swift as he, but there Armour. Itch made him scratch a grounder to Sawdust on third, who threw him out at first. Thus the game ended with the score 2-0 in favor of Ham's team. Door said if he had pitched, he would have shut them out.—Ex.

SPORT JINGLES

By S. I. G.

The runner ran around the room,
'Twas practice he was getting.
He also got the dickens for
The things he was upsetting.

He ran just like an arrow, yea;
He surely was a find.
In fact, he ran so fast one day
He left his shoes behind.

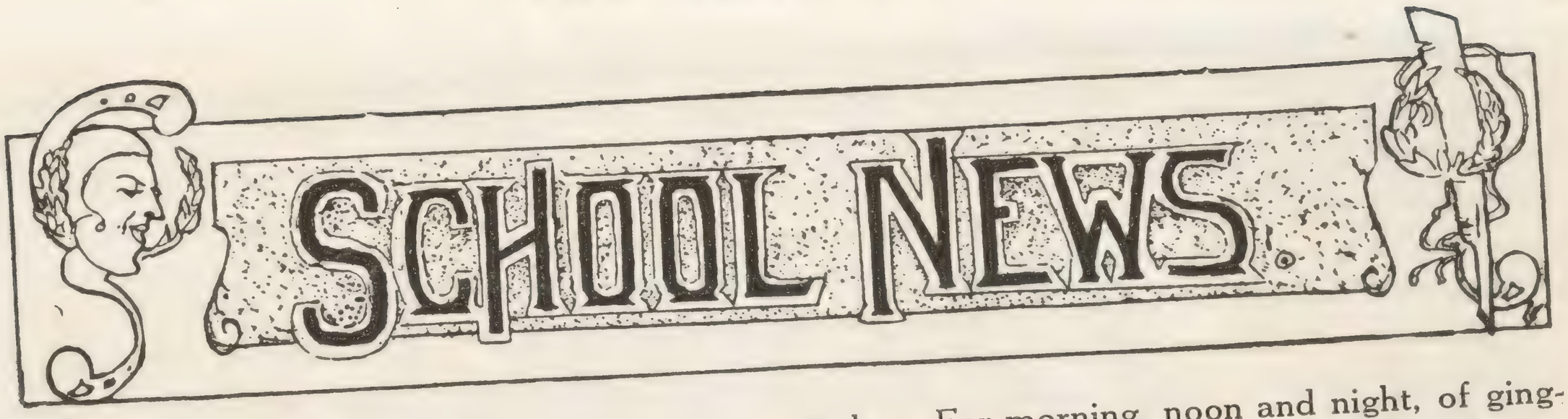
Ah, can he broad-jump? Yes, siree,
A record always flops
When e'er he dons a track suit, 'cause
He's always full of hops.

BASEBALL PICTURES

Pictures of this year's baseball games and players, including those printed in this month's Acropolis, may be had in post card form at the Sanctum any noon. Samples are on display there and orders may be left. These cards will cost only ten cents, three for a quarter, as there are no photographer's charges. Robert Bennett is official Acropolis photographer who is rendering this service free of charge. We wish to take this opportunity to thank him publicly for his services.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

	SCORE B. H. S.		Oppt's.
Friday, April 21—Montclair H. S. at Montclair	0	to	5
Tuesday, April 25—Central H. S. at City Field, forfeited by Central	9	to	0
Friday, April 28—Dickinson at Jersey City	7	to	19
Tuesday, May 2—South Side at City Field, forfeited by Barringer	0	to	9
Friday, May 5—East Orange at East Orange	Rain		
Wednesday, May 10—East Side at City Field	6	to	4
Friday, May 12—Montclair H. S. at City Field	3	to	8
Monday, May 15—Battin H. S. at City Field	4	to	7
Tuesday, May 16—East Side at City Field, forfeited by East Side	9	to	0
Thursday, May 18—Dickinson H. S. at City Fied	Rain		
Monday, May 22—Central at City Field	3	to	11
Wednesday, May 24—Newark Academy at Academy Field	14	to	15
Friday, May 26—East Orange at City Field	7	to	9
Tuesday, May 30—Blair Academy at Blair	2	to	3
Thursday, June 1—South Side at City Field	5	to	19



AUDITORIUM

On Friday, April 12, the school assembled in the auditorium to pay tribute to the memory of Mr. Frank I. Losee, until his untimely death, a member of the faculty at Barringer.

Miss Belcher, representing the History Department, with which Mr. Losee had been connected while at Barringer, spoke, characterizing his work during his twelve years of teaching at the school. Conscientious in all things, he was at all times both thorough and cheerful in his work as a teacher.

Mr. Crosse, an intimate friend of Mr. Losee, told of his qualities as they had presented themselves to him. Mr. Crosse emphasized Mr. Losee's devotion to duty and his thoroughness. This thoroughness was characteristic of his play as of his work. A true devotee of all sports, he possessed a fine sense of sportmanship which he revealed everywhere, and which, together with his cheerfulness, made him beloved by all whose privilege it was to know him.

Mr. Stearns, in giving his impressions of Mr. Losee, mentioned particularly his fairness, his generosity, his courage, and his delight in honor, thorough work on the part of his classes.

The impressive service was concluded with the singing, by the school, of Kipling's Recessional, Mr. Losee's favorite hymn.

GIRLS' LEAGUE

At the last Girls' League meeting one of the most interesting programs we ever had was presented. What could be more interesting to girls and (incidentally to boys) than a FASHION SHOW? Some of the boys would have given most anything for a chance to see the show, but, of course, they were all excluded.

There were frocks of every description and make. For morning, noon and night, of gingham, cotton, wool, and silk. The show was preceded by an informal fashion talk by Miss Bishop, in which she told us what kinds of materials and styles are suitable for school wear, and, of course, what kinds are not. The meeting was enjoyed by all, and was an unqualified success in every respect. This was due in large measure to Miss Bishop's untiring efforts and helpful suggestions; and the girls of Barringer take advantage of this opportunity to thank Miss Bishop for her most excellent work.

4B CLASS

The 4B Class has this term been more active than ever before. Due to our able staff of officers we now have quite a sum in our treasury (I wonder whether we shall have to pay an income tax?) which at the beginning of the term was empty. Everybody who has been either to the 4B dance or reception will agree with me that the class of January, '23, knows how. They were both a big success as all who attended agree. At a recent meeting of the class the question of rings and pins was discussed. They were finally ordered from J. R. Wood & Co. of New York and though the present 4A class may think they have fine rings, the 4B's will show them a thing or two in that line.

SCIENCE CLUB—FRENCH CIRCLE

The Science Club and the French Circle joined forces for their monthly meeting to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Louis Pasteur. Members of the Science Club prepared a program dealing with the scientific side of his life, while those of the "Circle Francaise" reviewed Pasteur, the man. Eli Silberfeld, as president of the French Circle and vice-president of the Science Club, was chosen to preside at the meeting.

BOUND BY SCHELLER

The papers read by the students developed the fact that Pasteur was one of the greatest scientists of all time, his work covering a large field of activity, and principally devoted to the saving of human life. He stood out above the men of his time, notwithstanding the fact that his century was one of unusual development in the sciences. As a man he was equally notable, being in the highest degree honest, big-hearted and generous in character.

The complete program as prepared by the members of the clubs, follows:

Life of Pasteur—Irma Lutz.

Science in the 18th Century—Henry Venus.

Pasteur's Solving of Silk Worm Disease—Charles Bradley.

Anthrax—Chauncey Brienza.

Pasteur's Cure of Hydrophobia—Margaret Mahar.

Crystalloids—Harold Jason.

Miss Romer gave a short talk explaining the process of milk purification known as Pasteurization.

SPANISH CLUB

At the beginning of this term Mr. Zweibel expressed his desire that this be the most successful term the Spanish Club has had since its organization, and as we can all testify, it has been. It is needless to say very much more of the reception given to Senorita Carolina Mercial Dorado which was a very great success, and I think the school as a whole owes something to the Spanish Club for giving to her such a good impression of Barringer. Besides the reception the Spanish Club has done several other very good things for the students of Barringer by furnishing them Spanish newspapers, magazines, and teaching them much about Spanish life and customs. Now come one, come all! Students of Barringer, support the Spanish Club!

RADIO CLUB

This term of February, 1922, has been the most successful five-month period the Barringer Radio Club has known. Lectures, demonstrations, discussions, have followed one another in rapid succession. Instruction in the making and setting up of simple sets has alternated with code practice for the more advanced radio fans. If one did not choose to hear the demonstration given of the reception of broadcasted programs, one might have gone to hear Jack Binns tell of his experiences as wireless operator on the steamship "Republic" in her collision with the "Florida," or Albert Shaw, well versed in radio as an experimental science, talk on the past, present, and future of wireless. And if any person chanced to care for neither of these, he might have been interested in the more technical side of wireless, and desired to listen to the debate on the relative merits of the honeycomb coil and variometer for short wave lengths, or the discussion on radio frequency, or other equally absorbing topics.

But the club did not confine itself to the instruction or entertainment of members only. With apparatus loaned by members, a receiving set was assembled in the Foster home, and an opportunity given for the children there to listen to a speech broadcasted from one of the nearby transmitting stations.

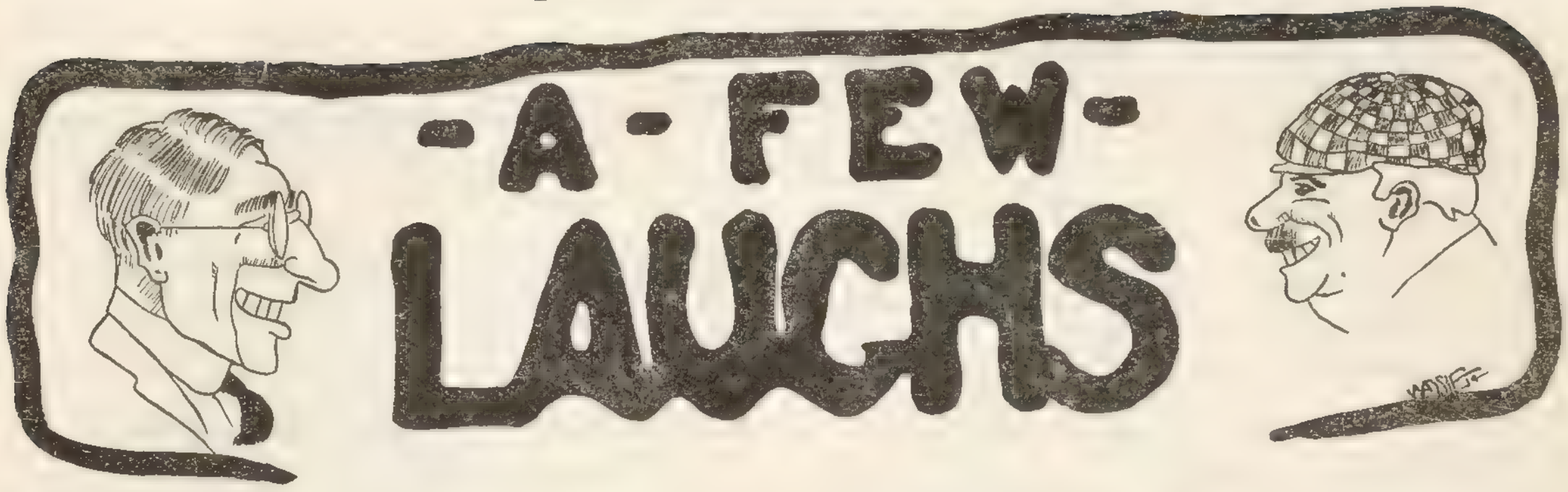
While it may be too late to join this organization now, all who desire to enjoy programs similar to these should join at the first meeting next fall. Watch for the notice of the first meeting!

HOW ELECTRIC LIGHT BULBS ARE MADE

During the past term the Chemistry classes have taken a number of trips to factories in the vicinity of Newark. One of these trips, that to the Edison Lamp Works in Harrison, is probably of interest to the whole school. Those who went on this excursion saw not only the making of the actual bulbs, but also the making of the glass for them.

A mixture of clean fine white sand, lime, soda ash which in crytalline form we know as washing soda, and broken glass is, at given intervals, introduced into a large gas-heated furnace. Unlike ordinary furnaces where the thing to be heated is above the heat-producing element, these glass making furnaces burned the gas previously heated, above the mixture. In this intense heat the materials acted with one

(Continued on page 32)



What They Think About

Time: Any assembly period.
Place: Barringer Auditorium.
Action: Struggling young orator endeavoring to impress his audience.

Mr. Stearns (settling himself once more in his chair): This makes the five hundred and fifty-eighth speaker I've introduced since I've been in this school. If I survive this I'll be able to make the 15th hole in bogy. I wonder if that girl over there knows that I see her talking.

Irene Fine (in piercing voice): I wonder if he has a watch on the end of that chain. I wonder what Miss Peck is looking at me for—I'm not talking. I wonder—etc., etc.

Frances (registering disappointment): I'm so sorry I washed my hair. It will look awful for the dance tonight.

Fairlie: Hope that guy Wistar has brought the quarter he owes me.

Mr. Haggett (in dignified thought): The Literary Digest is due today. Hum-m. It's about time I got this tie pressed.

Olton (staring moodily at speaker): The hinges on these glasses are getting rusty. I can hear 'em squeak.

Reeve: I'll have to keep out of Fairlie's way today. I owe 'im a quarter.

Mr. Hart: I can't remember whether I told that joke to the third or fifth period class.

Betty Mingle: I think I'll wear the red one. Ouch! My nose itches. A—choooo!

Nusbaum: If I get called on in Chem today I'm a goner. I'll bet Westreich uses bandoline.

Stoddard (ecstatically): Two weeks more and I drop the curtains. Then I gotta wear socks—oh, gee.

Ruth Jacobson: I need a self starter on that bus. Then I wouldn't be late so often. What's this fellow behind me chewing?

Bee Kenny: I hope mother put a pickle in my lunch today.

Miss Darnell (simulating intelligent interest): I wish the violins would start together for once. Oh, well——

Gertrude Fitzherbert: I can't imagine why I only got seven in Biology.

Boxer: All I do is work, work, work. That was a swell girl I met last night.

Maggie (winking at Hudson): I don't think green is loud. I knew it wouldn't rain today 'cause I wore rubbers.

Jane (for once): Asleep.

Haight (as usual): Not there.

Speaker: "I thank you for your kind attention."

(Thunderous Applause.)

Prof.: "How many wars did the United States fight?"

Stude: "Five."

Prof.: "Enumerate them."

Stude: "One, two, three, four, five."

A.: "What's your favorite book?"

B.: "My bank book, but even that's lacking in interest these days."

Grocer: "What's that lady complaining about?"

Clerk: "Her long wait, sir."

Grocer: "You can't suit some people; only yesterday she was hollering about short weight."

First Office Boy: "They caught a rat twenty-two years old in the office today."

Second Office Boy: "How did they know his age?"

First Office Boy: "He had a date in his mouth."

He: "What's your name?"
She: "Helen Winter."
He: "What is it in summer then?"

"The doctor says that deep breathing will kill microbes."

"Yes, but how are we going to make 'em breathe deep?"

Colored Rookie: "I'd lahk to have a new pair o' shoes, suh!"

Sergeant: "Are your shoes worn out?"

Colored Rookie: "Worn out! Man, the bottoms of mah shoes are so thin ah can step on a dime and tell whether it's heads or tails."

"Doctor, I dream constantly of falling over cliffs, of being chased."

"Um! How often do you attend the movies?"—Ex.

1924: "Give me a match."

1925: "Drop your cigar and it'll light on the ground."

"Sammy, you ought to be ashamed of yourself for chasing your grandpa around like that. Don't you know he is short of breath?"

"Short of breath nothin'. He's breathin' more than I am."

Traffic Cop: "You're arrested for going forty miles an hour."

Lady Motorist: "Oh, but you're wrong; I haven't been out an hour yet."

"The thief took my watch, my purse, my pocketbook,—in short, everything."

"But I thought you carried a loaded revolver?"

"I do—but he didn't find that."

Oft heard in Physics class: "What magic power do you possess that you can do these things?"

Sam had been calling on his lady love. The next morning when asked what they had talked about the preceding evening Gertie said: "About kith and kin."

Little Brother: "Yes, I heard them. Sam said, 'May I kiss you?' and Gertie said 'Yes, you kin.'"

A SOLOMONIC DECISION

Two fussy traveling salesladies were sitting in opposite seats in a train. One thought the car was too hot, the other said it was too cold. Just then a dusky porter came thru.

"Porter," commanded the first lady, "I wish you'd open that window, I'm nearly smothered."

"Don't you do it!" snapped the other. "If you do, I'll freeze to death."

The porter scratched his head. "What do you suppose ah should do in a case lahk dat?" he asked a portly looking traveling man, about two seats to the rear, trying to enjoy a little reading.

"Open it a while and freeze one; then shut it and smother the other."

Among the day's pathetic figures is the local storekeeper who, locked in a telephone booth by a holdup man, didn't have a nickel to phone for the police.

Father (to Bobby who had just fallen downstairs): "Why Bobby, did you miss your step?"

Bobby: "No, sir, I hit every one of them."

—Judge.

McNear: "Have you ever read proof?"

Freshman: "No, who wrote it?"

The Larger Boy: "I want a tooth took out, an' I don't want gas, 'cos I'm in a 'urry."

The Dentist: "That's a brave young man! Which tooth is it?"

The Larger Boy: "Show 'im yer tooth, Albert."

E. Z.: "Lemme feel your pulse."

M. T.: "I don't have any, the doctor took it yesterday."

"Dear me, that was terrible. A man fell overboard the other day and was never seen again!" exclaimed Jones.

Mrs. Jones: "Drowned, I suppose."

"Oh, no," replied Jones, "Sprained his ankle probably."

Sign in Market Street restaurant: "Don't kick about your coffee. You may be old and weak yourself some day."

"How were the speeches at the nail manufacturers' banquet?"

"Right to the point."

Hostess: "Doesn't it seem a shame that this chicken died for us?"

Coit: "Ah, yes! It is rather tough."

Strange thing about carpets, isn't it? You buy them by the yard and wear them out by the foot.

Mr. Newlywed: "What is the pail hanging on the chandelier for, dear?"

She: "Why, the janitor said that the gas was leaking."

Ruth: "What is a coat of mail?"

Kurt: "I don't know. I'll bite."

Ruth: "An envelope."

Mr. King: "John, when did Caesar die?"

1B: "After Brutus stabbed him."

"Can you walk on your hands or turn a somersault, Miss Ruth?" asked Freddie of his new nurse.

"I can't do anything like that. Why do you ask?"

"Well," said Freddie with a long sigh, "I don't believe you'll do. They said you were a trained nurse."

A little 3-year-old going to church for the first time was much surprised when he recognized an old friend of his father taking up a collection. "Look, mother, look," he said, "there's Mr. Brown, I didn't know he was the —the conductor."

Teacher: "An Indian woman is called a squaw. Now, tell me what an Indian baby is called."

Mary: "I know, a squawk."

Advice to Students

Don't worry about your low marks. You'll flunk anyway.

Don't care if you come late. There's still the detention room.

Don't hurry to classes. Rome wasn't built in one day.

Little Sister (entertaining big sister's beau): "Oh, Adolphus, guess what father said about you last night!"

Adolphus: "I haven't an idea in the world."

Little Sister: Oh, shame! You listened."

"What does young Binks mean by sending me one carnation a day?"

"Why, don't you know? He's saying it with flowers and he stutters."

A certain Freshman, in a 1B Science class was asked to name an animal food.

His answer—"Spratt's Puppy Biscuit."

I saw her dress
And laughed at it,
For brevity's
The soul of wit.

Sleepy Senior (waking up suddenly in Math. class): "Gee, I had an awful dream. I thought I was a minus quantity under a radical sign and they couldn't get me out."

First One Bee: "See that man over there? He's the captain of the team."

Second Ditto: "Yeh?"

First: "See the pipe in his mouth?"

Second: "Uh, huh."

First: "See the smoke coming out? It's lit."

Second: "Sure."

First: "Well, he did that with MY match!"

"Bill's lost his hat again."

"How do you know?"

"I can't find mine."

Lawyer: "This outfit is too long."

Tailor (also a client): "I thought you preferred a long suit."

GRADUATE NOTES

THE BARRINGER ALUMNI GREEK CLUB

A meeting of the Barringer Alumni Greek Club was held at the home of Mr. Raymond F. Haulenbeek Saturday evening, May 6. The Constitution of the Club, drawn up by Mr. Graham Roskein, was read and unanimously accepted. Mr. Raymond F. Haulenbeek, the founder of the Barringer Alumni Greek Club, is honorary president of the organization. The following officers were elected:

President—Miss Kathryn Elkins.
Vice-President—Mr. Robert Wolfe.
Secretary—Mr. Frank Nicholas.

The president, Miss Kathryn Elkins, appointed Mr. Imre Domonkos and Mr. Graham Roskein on the program committee.

The object of this organization is to promote the study of Greek literature, manners, and history by reading and translating original works, by reading and studying translations of the Greek, by giving lectures to the Club, and by preparing supplementary papers on topics of interest.

Miriam Hoffman has given up her studies at the Newark Junior College in order to follow a stage career. Miriam scored a big success as Mrs. Stanton in "A Woman's Way," presented by the Newark Junior College Dramatic Club on December 9, 1921, and at Proctor's Roof February 21, 1922. She has not yet completed her plans, but will probably enter a dramatic school in New York City, where she will remain for a term of six months.

Gerard A. Riccardi, B. H. S. 1918, Princeton 1922, received Second Group General Honors for the first term of 1921-1922.

Morris Berg, Barringer 1919, Princeton 1923, is shortstop on the Princeton University baseball team.

Robert S. Mapletoft, Barringer 1918, Princeton 1922, received High Honors, First Group, for the term 1921-1922. Bob also was elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

Charles Barkhorn, Barringer 1919, Princeton 1923, was awarded the "W. 1923 P." for manager of the Freshman water polo team. Charles is a typical Barringer type, so we expect good of him.

Almeda Hopler drives to the Montclair Normal each day. Anxious to become a teacher, Almeda?

Edna Doyle and Rose Tronolone are just as popular at the Newark Normal as they were at Barringer.

Betty Berry is a real big teacher down at Franklin. Hope you enjoy your work.

Eleanor Byers is doing remarkably well at Barnard. Everyone expects this because she was one of Barringer's honor students.

Bob Castle is attending an Arts School in New York City. Some day Bob will wear his hair long and a flowing tie, then everyone will know he's an artist.

Fred Frost is quite popular at Williams. Due to his ability to speak he was elected to the debating team at Williams. Fred first appeared on the Barringer staff soon after he joined the Rostrum.

Miriam Klein and Marion Knight both "attend" Junior College. Besides attending they take part in the school's activities. In the most recent plays both girls had leading parts.

Madeline McMullin is studying to become a teacher. Matty had her hair "bobbed" and is an advocate of this fad.

Agnes Powers was told by Alla Axiom that she was going to follow a musical line. True to his prophecy Agnes is working over the trombone.

At a recent election C. W. Barkhorn, Barringer '19, Princeton '23, was chosen to the F. A. R. O. T. C. Horse Show committee. Attaboy, Bark!

Mary Margaret Barr, June '22, who has been studying for a year at the Lysee and University of Caen, France, has been offered the scholarship for another year. She has accordingly decided to remain in France for a year's study in Paris.

During the spring vacation in April she and her mother made a three weeks' trip to northern Italy, visiting Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, and Genoa, and viewing on the homeward trip, Monte Carlo, Nice, and Marseilles.

In a letter to Miss Coult, Miss Jeanette Hoffman, a Barringer graduate of June, 1910, writes from Callao, Peru, as follows:

"I am here as a missionary educator under the Methodist Board. For the coming year I shall teach in the Callao High School. I expect to teach English and typewriting, and to act as dean of the girls. I have been helping out in the lower grades in the Lima Boys' High School.

"Remember me to all the Barringer folks."

One of the sons of Barringer of whom we may justly be proud is Louis Shapiro, June, '16, who graduates from the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons this June. Through the good offices of one of his professors, Mr. Shapiro is already serving as intern in the Newark City Hospital, thus reducing his time of preliminary practice by a full year.

Clarence McKim, Barringer '20, Princeton, '24, was recently awarded the Varsity "P" in track. Good work Mac, congratulations!

Many of our great men have had humble beginnings. Ex-President Taft, it is said, began life as a baby.

In the Grand Canyon

He: "Just think! It has taken thousands and thousands of years for this river to wear down through that rock."

She: "Thousands and thousands? Why, this is only 1922."

Dipple: "I was invited out tonight but now my watch isn't going."

Townley: "What's the matter? Wasn't your watch invited?"

"How these flowers you planted are shooting up."

"No wonder, look at the pistils they have."

Patient: "How much for the operation?"

Doctor: "I'll give you cut rates."

"So, Pitkins has gone into the shoe business? How is he doing?"

"Fine, he is selling his goods right and left."

"He plays a mouth organ."

"Has a taste for music, eh?"

Hobbs: "Did the wedding come off all right?"

Dobbs: "Yes, there was only one hitch in the ceremony."

Mrs. A.: "Your expression lately has been so peculiar. It's almost weird. What's the matter?"

Mrs. B.: "I've had my portrait painted by one of those impressionists and I am trying to look like it."

When Sir Conan asked a spirit how it got to heaven, it answered, "Flu."

"What is in that little package labeled 'Glass, Handle with Care?"

"That's Jack's ring. I'm sending it back to him."

A young man entered the lobby of a hotel and anxiously inquired: "Is Henry Ford here?"

"No," replied the proprietor.

"'S funny," rejoined the youth, "his car's outside."

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

"The Karux," Phillipsburg High School, Phillipsburg, N. J.

"The Worker," Boys' Vocational School, Newark, N. J.

"The Monad," Belleville High School, Belleville, N. J.

"The Trident," Neptune Township High School, Ocean Grove, N. J.

"The Oceanic," Old Orchard High School, Old Orchard, Maine.

"The Courant," Bradford High School, Bradford, Pa.

"The Oracle," Mount Vernon High School, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

"The Chronicle," Wright High School, New Orleans, La.

"The Stone Mill," Stevens Institute.

"The Kayrix," St. Benedict's Prep., Newark, N. J.

"The Parrot," Irvington High School, Irvington, N. J.

"The Reflector," Middletown Township, N. J.

"The E. O. H. S. News," East Orange High School, East Orange, N. J.

"The Lindblom Weekly," Lindblom High School, Chicago, Illinois.

"Tech News," Worcester, Mass.

"Speed Up," Submarine Boat Corporation, Newark, N. J.

"The Tuskegee Student," Tuskegee, Ala.

COMMENT

"The Trident," Neptune Township H. S., Ocean Grove, N. J. We are always glad to receive your clever and rather unusual magazine. The description of "The World's Series" is, in itself, worth the price of the whole paper.

"The Courant," Bradford High School, Bradford, Pa. Your attractive paper is always welcome. The "Jokes" are still the best part of the "Courant" and help to make the issue brighter than most high school publications.

"The Kayrix," St. Benedict's Prep., Newark N. J. Very few papers have such support by the student body as you have, "Kayrix."

"The Worker," Boys' Vocational School, Newark, N. J. Your magazine has the neatest, cleanest appearance and the best cover of any we have received for a long time. Some good jokes would dispel the stiffness of "The Worker."

"The Oceanic," Old Orchard High School, Old Orchard, Maine. We received your bulky Senior Issue with a great deal of pleasure. Rarely do we find a magazine so profusely illustrated.

"The Karux," Phillipsburg High School, Phillipsburg, N. J. A table of contents and some new cuts would help improve your paper.

"The Arrow," St. Joseph's Commercial School, Detroit, Mich. An interesting publication. Your athletic department is very good. Why not enlarge your literary department?

"South Orange School News," South Orange, N. J. Very compact, we should say, but good nevertheless. All your news is given in an interesting manner.

Father: "Do you know, son, that at your age, Washington was at the head of his class?"

Son: "Do you remember, father, that at your age he was president of the country?"

NAT LEVY *The Rendezvous of Newark's Best Dressers* NAT LEVY

GRADUATION SUITS

SENIORS, are you prepared for graduation? We have a special assortment of blue serge suits for this occasion. Any model you may desire can be found among this assortment. Bring this advertisement in with you and get a special discount of 5%. Your pick for

$18.75 to $24.75

Suits for Undergraduates

For you who want a new suit but are not yet graduating, we have the latest materials in the newest models. Herringbones, tweeds, and light grays in sport models with or without knickers. Black and blue pencil stripes in one or two-button models. Collegian clothes are our specialty for High School Students. See these clothes at prices ranging from

$14.75 to $24.75

NAT LEVY

156 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

Between Broad and Halsey Streets

Open Evenings Till 9 Saturdays Till 11

BOUND BY SCHELLER

One Wild Week

(Continued from page 19

ly. "Then why under the sun were you so anxious to come over here?"

"Come here, father," he answered, "and look out this window."

"For the love-o-pete, the Big League Base-ball Field!" father cried. "And I thought you were in love!"

"Oh," said mother amazedly, "then it isn't that sweet little girl next door!"

"No, and we moved for a base ball field."

"But," he mused, "you can see all the big league games for nothing—well maybe it isn't so bad. I think this is a wonderful house."

Thereupon Ted, seeing that father had discovered the wonders of the place, was about to lead him away, to talk about them, when he called back, "I'm awfully sorry that I disappointed you that way, mother and sis, but I haven't even seen the little girl next door, and I'm really not a bit in love, except, perhaps, with the base ball field!"

But here's a little secret mother and I have. We're not disappointed a bit, because—well just because—well, we've seen that sweet little girl next door—and so has Ted!

How Electric Light Bulbs Are Made

(Continued from page 24)

another to form glass. The molten product was extracted, a little at a time, from the furnace by arms on a large machine. The drops thus withdrawn were dropped upon the end of another arm which revolved while air was blown through the arm into the drops of glass.

When a little air had been admitted, a mould the shape of a light bulb, was clamped around each drop and the blowing completed. Thus was made the bulb part minus the pointed tip.

In another building tungsten wire was made very fine by drawing it through diamond dies that gradually decreased in size. This wire was wound by hand on the supporting part inside of the bulb. These supports were made on little machines that work entirely automatically except for a couple of workers to put in the parts required and take out the finished piece. When the wire had been wound, the bulb with a hollow rod projecting from the top was placed over it and the bottom sealed. The air was then exhausted from the bulbs by pumps and the tips sealed off. The final operation was the adding of the threaded metal end which screws into the socket. The completed bulbs were then packed in the cardboard boxes to be sold to you for use in your home.

The Awakening

(Continued from page 14)

that deep drum upon the rocks, with the thought of the inky gloom and of the cold depths. Yet in it was an infinite mystery. Together they listened with a reverence toward that mighty power, and in the fact of an awesome world, smiled into the darkness.

Philadelphia College of OSTEOPATHY

INCORPORATED 1899

Located in leading medical centre of America; up-to-date laboratories for study of chemistry, physics, biology, anatomy, physiology, pathology, bacteriology, surgery, etc.; connected with the new and thoroughly equipped Osteopathic Hospital of Philadelphia; unexcelled facilities for clinical experience.

Four years' course of study, with required attendance at clinics and interneship in the Osteopathic Hospital of Philadelphia, leads to Degree, Doctor of Osteopathy. Graduates admitted to State Board Examinations (including those of New York) and practice successfully throughout the United States and many foreign countries.

Entrance Requirements: Standard four-year High School course. Students desiring to qualify for practice in Pennsylvania require credits for a year's work in each of the sciences, biology, physics and chemistry. College preparatory work is valuable, but is not essential to success in practice, and is, therefore, not exacted. Four years in the Philadelphia College of Osteopathy will fit you for your profession. Next term opens September 12, 1922.

For catalog and other literature address

The Registrar, Box 65
Spring Garden at 19th Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

Rensselaer Established 1824 TROY. N. Y.

Polytechnic Institute

Engineering and Science

Four-year Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), Chemical Engineering (Ch. E.), and General Science (B. S.). Graduate Courses.

Modern and fully equipped Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories.

For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and views of buildings and campus, apply to Registrar, Pittsburgh Building, Troy. N. Y.

Twelve Powerful Schools

Action is Opportunity
DAY or NIGHT

OUR SLOGAN

We not only give you the best there is in Business Secretarial Education, but we also do everything in our power to make your stay at Drake's pleasant.

DRAKE'S

SECRETARIAL COLLEGES
NEW JERSEY AND NEW YORK

155 Market Street, Newark
226 Main Street, Orange
120 Broad Street, Elizabeth
207 Broad Street, Elizabeth
171 East Front Street, Plainfield
117 Smith Street, Perth Amboy
Other Drake Schools in New York, Brooklyn, Union Hill, Bayonne and two in Jersey City

C O L E M A N

"The school you have always known"

C A S T L E ' S
H E A T H I Z E D
I C E C R E A M

JERSEY'S PUREST
BECAUSE ITS HEATHIZED

The College of Engineering
of
The Newark Technical School

A local institution of college grade giving regular 4-year professional engineering courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Chemical, Electrical and Mechanical Engineering.

The certificate of a first-class 4-year high school or equivalent work is required for entrance.

The College of Engineering offers to the young men of Newark and vicinity an opportunity to get a sound technical education at home at a reasonable cost.

A certain number of scholarships are available to young men of promise who have not the necessary funds.

Inquiries should be directed to the Registrar.

Newark Technical School
367 High Street, Newark, N. J.
Phone Mulberry 162

Have You Any Money in the Bank?

If you haven't isn't it your own fault? Have you ever TRIED to save?

If you have money in the bank, are you adding something to it regularly?

Decide now that whatever you have done, or have not done in the past, you will start at once to build up your own interest-bearing savings account and that you will deposit what you save in the largest bank in New Jersey. That is the

Fidelity Union Trust Company

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Broad Street, between Bank and Academy Streets

Open Monday Evenings

TWO DOLLARS WILL
OPEN AN ACCOUNT